

Florence Tingey Larsen Autobiography

From their marriage till just before I was born, my parents, Franklin and Sarah Bywater Tingey, lived in a house on No. 1st West St., Salt Lake City Utah, next to my grandfather's home; a large house which stood back from the street leaving large lawns all around the house. My father was working at ZCMI in the hardware dept. on a very small wage and when rents soared in the "boom" he was forced to move and went into an apartment over Grundland's Store on the corner of 1st North and 2nd West Streets. This was a temporary move and an emergency one for here I was born 31 May 1888.

Soon afterward our family moved to a nice little house at about 200 N. 2nd West. We lived there till I was about 4 yrs. old. The Doremus family next door had a girl, Hattie, who was about ten or twelve yrs. old who was so good to me. One night she pulled my sled with me on it many blocks to deliver my Valentines to my relatives.

Her brother, about six-years-old, climbed the partition fence and brought me a little red chair for my 2nd Christmas. I was 1 ½ years at that time but remember it so plainly. He wanted to take me for a ride in their Cutter Sleigh and was so put out when his father went along to drive the horse.

Mr. Doremus was converted by my Grandpa Tingey, became disaffected, but as Grandpa's record states; "...all his blessings were later restored to him."

My Grandma Bywater's sister, Mary Ann, and her husband, William Kemp, lived next to us on the north. Their maiden daughter, Mama's cousin, Mary Ann (always called Nana), almost raised me and, incidentally, almost spoiled me till I was grown.

My mother's young sister lived with us because by this time both her parents were dead. She was Elizabeth, called "Diggie" by me, which name clung to her all the rest of her life. With Nana and Diggie so near we almost had three mothers.

Diggie had an unfortunate marriage; when I was about a year old, [she] had a baby named Eugene who died at about 6 months of age; had a divorce and lived with us till I was ten, when she married a fine man from Logan, Utah, Eli J. Bell.

My sister, Amelia (always called Millie), was born in this place 29 Oct. 1890. She had black hair and black eyes. She was a cute round doll.

We next moved to 120 West 1st North st., still renting, to a large brick house, with lawns in front, alfalfa fields to the west, fruit trees and garden behind. This we always referred to as the "Matthews house." Here my brother Allan

Stafford Tingey was born. He had black hair and blue eyes and grew up to be a handsome man. His birthday was 6 Jan. 1893. When he was about 2-years-old he had a severe contagious disease and Diggie, who loved her English tea, promised the LOrd if He would save Allan's life she would give up her tea-drinking. She quit, he recovered, and she never tasted tea again.

While in this home I had Scarlet Fever in a severe form. I was isolated in a large west bedroom with Nana who cared for me all through the three weeks of illness. They put an old-fashioned flat cook stove in the room on which Nana heated water, cooked, and made her "tea and toast" and kept the room warm.

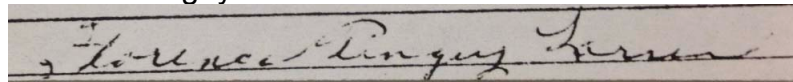
Nana was the only person who came or went from that room except the Doctor.

Dad would lift my little sister up to the transom over the door to look in when I was getting better. I can well remember Nana rubbing me with something and then fastening a layer of cotton and a cover of oiled silk high on my neck, over both ears and all around my chest and back. Her wonderful care saved me from complications and kept the contagion from the rest of the family.

I had a playmate, Emma Dykeman, who lived in the next house west of our alfalfa field. Playing in this field one day we quarreled and I scratched her face and she pulled out a strand of my hair. My mother interfered, the only time she ever "mixed in kids' quarrels" that I can remember.

In this same field, I one day chased a toad, hitting him with a stick to make him jump. When blood appeared on his back I was shocked into a realization that I was hurting him, badly. I never forgot this incident and never hurt anything again. Well--I've swatted lots of flies!

Florence Tingey Larsen

A photograph of a handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Florence Tingey Larsen", written on a piece of lined paper.

Please note – this document was typed and signed by Florence Tingey Larsen. The original document and signature are shown below:

FAMILY HISTORY

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How nice Tingey's house